JESS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of Mas solomony was Shelle "This is all your fault, you drunken little blackguard!" he said, turning savagely on the tottle, who, now that his excitement had left him, was sniveling and driveling in an in-toxicated fashion, and calling him his pre-

server and his bass in maudlin accents. "He hit me, baas; he hit me, and I did not take the forage. He is a bad man, Baas

"Be off with you and get the horses in-spanned; you are half drunk," he growled, and, having seen the operation advancing to a conclusion, he went to the sitting room of the hotel, where Bessie was waiting in happy ignorance of the disturbance. It was not till they were well on their homeward way that he told her what had passed, whereat, remem-bering the scene she had herself gone through with Frank Muller, and the threats that he had then made use of, she looked very grave. Her old uncle, too, was much put out whe he heard the story on their arrival home that

"You have made an enemy, Capt. Niel," he said, "and a bad one. Not but what you were right to stand up for the Hottentot. I would have done as much myself had I been there and ten years younger, but Frank Mul ler is not the man to forget being put upon his back before a lot of Kaffirs and white foll too. Perhaps that Jantje is sober by now. This conversation took place upon the follow ing morning, as they sat upon the veranda after breakfast. "I will go and call him, and we will hear what this story is about hi

father and his mother." Presently he returned, followed by the rag ged, dirty looking little Hottentot, who tool off his hat and squatted down on the drive looking very miserable and ashamed of hin self, in the full glare of the African sun, to the effects of which he appeared to be totally impervious.

Now, Jantje, listen to me," said the old man. "Yesterday you got drunk again. Well, I'm not going to talk about that now except to say that if I find or hear of your being drunk once more—you leave

"Yes, baas," said the Hottentot meekly. was drunk, though not very; I only had hall a bottle of Cape Smoke."

"By getting drunk you made a quarrel with Baas Muller, so that blows passed between Baas Muller and the baas here on your account, which was more than you are worth Now when Baas Muller had struck you, you said that he had shot your father and your mother. Was that a lie, or what did you mean by saying it?"

"It was no lie, baas," said the Hottentot, excitedly. "I have said it once, and I will say it again. Listen, baas, and I will tell you tory. When I was young, so high"-an he held his hand high enough to indicate a tottie of about 14 years of age—"we, that is, my father, my mother, my uncle, a very old man, older than the bass" (pointing to Silas Croft), "were bijwoners (authorized squat-ters) on a place belonging to old Jacob Muller, Baas Frank's father, down in Lydenburg yonder. It was a bush veldt farm, and old Jacob used to come down there with his cattle from the High veldt in the winter when there was no grass in the High veldt, and with him came the Englishwoman, his wife, and the young Baas Frank—the baas we saw yester

day.
"How long ago was all this?" asked Mr. Croft.

Jantje counted on his fingers for some sec onds, and then held up his hand and opened it four times in succession. "So," he said, "twenty years last winter. Baas Frank was young then; he had only a little flow a libis chin. One year, when Om Jacob went away, after the first rains, he left six oxen that were too poor (thin) to go with my fath-er, and told him to look after them as though they were his children. But the oxen were bewitched. Three of them took the lungsick and died, a lion got one, a snake killed one, and one ate 'tulip' and died too. So when Om Jacob came back the next year all the oxen were gone. He was very angry with my father, and beat him with a yoke strap till he was all blood, and, though we showed him the bones of the oxen, he said that we

had stolen them and sold them. "Now, Om Jacob had a beautiful span of black oxen that he loved like children. Sixteen of them were there, and they would come up to the yoke when he called them and put down their heads of themselves. They were tame as dogs. These oxen were thin when they came down, but in two months they got fat and began to want to trek about as oxen do. At this time there was a Basutu. one of Sequati's people, resting in our hut, for he had hurt his foot with a thorn. When Om Jacob found that the Basutu was there he was very angry, for he said that all Basu-tus were thieves. So my father told the Basutu that the bass said that he must go away, and he went that night. Next morn the span of black oxen were gone too. The kraal gate was down and they had gone. We hunted all day, but we could not find them. Then Om Jacob got mad with rage, and the young Baas Frank told him that one of the Kaffir boys had said to him that he had heard my father sell them to the Basutu for sheep which he was to pay to us in the summer. It was a lie, but Baas Frank hated my father because of something about a woman-a Zulu girl. Next morning, who we were asleep, just at daybreak, Om Jacob Muller and Baas Frank and two Kaffirs came into the hut and pulled us out, the old man, my uncle, my father, my mother and myself, and tied us up to four mimosa trees, with buffalo reims. Then the Kaffirs went away, and Om Jacob asked my father where the cattle were, and my father told him that he did not know. Then he took off his hat and said a prayer to the Big Man in the sky, and when he had done Baas Frank came up with a gun, and stood quite close and sho my father dead, and he fell forward and hung quite over the reim, his head touching his feet. Then he loaded the gun again and shot the old man, my uncle, and he slipped down dead, and his hands stuck up in the air against the reim. Next he shot my mother but the bullet did not kill her, and cut the reim, and she ran away, and he ran after her and killed her. When that was done he came back to shoot me; but I was young then and did not know that it is better to be dead than to live like a dog, and I begged and prayed for mercy while he was loading

"But the bass only laughed, and said he would teach Hottentots how to steal cattle and old Om Jacob prayed out loud to the Big Man and said he was very sorry for me, but it was the dear Lord's will. And then, just as Baas Frank lifted the gun he droppe again, for there, coming softly, softly over the brow of the hill, in and out between the bushes, were all the sixteen oxen. They had got out in the night and strayed away into some kloof for a change of pasture, and come back when they were full and tired of being alone. Om Jacob turned quite white and scratched his hea, and then fell upon his knees and thanked the dear Lord for saving my life; and just then the English woman, Baas Frank's mother, came down from the wagon to see what the firing was at, and when she saw all the people dead and

me weeping, tied to the tree, and learned what it was about, she went quite mad, for sometimes she had a kind heart when she was not drunk, and said that a curse would fall on them, and that they would all die in blood. And she took a knife and cut me loose, though Baas Frank wanted to kill me, so that I might tell no tales; and I ran away, travel-ing by night and hiding by day, for I was very much frightened, till I got to Natal, and there I stopped, working in Natal till the land became English, when Baas Croft hired me to drive his cart up from Maritzburg; and living by here I found Baas Frank, look ing bigger but just the same except for his

beard.
"There, bass, that is the truth, and all the truth, and that is why I hate Baas Frank, because he shot my father and mother, and why Baas Frank hates me, because he cannot forget that he did it and I saw him do it, for, forget that he did it and I saw him do it, for, as our people say, 'one always hates a man one has wounded with a spear;'" and having finished his narrative, the miserable looking little man picked up his greasy old felt hat, that had a leather strap fixed round the crown, in which were stuck a couple of frayed ostrich feathers, and jammed it down over his ears, and then fell to drawing circles on the soil with his long tree. His auditors only the soil with his long toes. His auditors only looked at one another. Such a ghastly tale seemed to be beyond comment. They never doubted its truth; the man's way of telling it carried conviction with it. And, indeed, two of them at any rate, had heard such stories before. Most people have who live in the wilder parts of South Africa, though they are not all to be taken for gospel.
"You say," remarked old Silas, at last

"You say," remarked old Silas, at last, "that the woman said that a curse would fall on them and that they would die in blood? She was right. Twelve year? ago Om Jacob and his wife were murdered by a party of Mapoch's Kaffirs, down on the edge of that very Lydenburg veldt. There was a great noise about it at the time, I remember, but nothing came of it. Bass Frank was not there. He was away shooting buck; so he escaped and inherited all his father's farme

and cattle and came to live here."
"So," said the Hottentot, without showing the slightest interest or surprise. "I knew it would be so, but I wish I had been there to see it. I saw that there was a devil in the woman, and that they would die as she said. When there is a devil in people they always speak the truth, because they can't help it. Look, bass, I draw a circle in the sand with my foot, and I say some words so, and at last the ends touch. There, that is the circle of Om Jacob and his wife the Englishwoman. The ends have touched and they are dead. An old witch doctor taught me to draw the circle of a man's life and what words to say. And now I draw another of Bass Frank. All there is a stone sticking up in the way. The ends will not touch. But now I work and work and work with my foot, and say the words and say the words, and so-the stone comes up and the ends touch now. So it is with Baas Frank. One day the stone will come up and the ends will touch, and he, too, will die in blood. The devil in the English woman said so, and devils cannot lie or speak half the truth only. And now, look, I rub my foot over the circles and they are gone, and there is only the path again. That means that when they have died in blood they will be quite forgotten and stamped out. Even their graves will be flat," and he wrinkled up his yellow face into a smile, or rather a grin, and then added in a matter offact way: "Does the baas wish the gray mare to have

CHAPTER X.

one bundle of green forage or two?"

JOHN HAS AN ESCAPE. On the following Monday John, taking Jantje to drive him, departed in a rough Scotch cart, to which were harnessed two of the best horses at Mooifontein, to shoot buck at Hans Coetzee's.

He reached the place at about 8:30 o'clock, and concluded, from the fact of the presenceof several carts and horses, that he was not the only guest. Indeed, the first person that he saw as the cart pulled up was his late enemy, Frank Muller.

"Kek (look), baas," said Jantje, "there is

Baas Frank talking to a Basutu!" John was, as may be imagined, not best pleased at this meeting. He had always dis-liked the man, and since Muller's conduct on the previous Friday, and Jantje's story of the dark deed of blood in which he had been the principal actor, he positively loathed the sight of him. He got out of the cart, and was going to walk round to the back of the house in order to avoid him, when Muller, to all appearance, suddenly became aware of his pres ence and advanced to meet him with the utmost cordiality.

"How do you do, captain?" he said, holding out his hand, which John just touched. "So you have come to shoot buck with Om Coetzee; going to show us Transvaalers how to do t, eh? There, captain, don't look as stiff as a rifle barrel. I know what you are thinking of; that little business at Wakkerstroom on Friday, is it not? Well, now, I tell you what it is, I was in the wrong, and I ain't afraid to say so as between man and man. I had had a glass, that was the fact, and did not quite know what I was about. We have got to live as neighbors here, so let us forget all about it and be brothers again. I never bear malice, not I. It is not the Lord's will that we should bear malice. Hit out from the shoulder, I say, and then forget all about it. If it hadn't been for that little monkey," he added, jerk-ing his thumb in the direction of Jantje, who was bolding the horses' heads, "it would never

have happened, and it is not nice that two
Christians should quarrel about such as he."
Muller jerked out his long speech in a succession of sentences, something as a school
boy repeats a hardly learned lesson, fidgeting his feet and letting his eyes travel about the ground as he did so; and it was evident to John, who stood quite still and listened to it in icy silence, that it was by no means an extemporary one. It had too clearly been com-

posed for the occasion. "I do not wish to quarrel with anybody, Meinheer Muller," he answered at length. "I never do quarrel unless it is forced on me, and then," he added, grimly, "I do my best to make it unpleasant for my enemy. The other day you attacked first my servant and then myself. I am glad that you now see that this was an improper thing to do, and, so far as I am concerned, there is an end of the matter," and he turned to enter the

Muller accompanied him as far as w Jantje was standing at the horses' heads. Here he stopped, and, putting his hand in his pocket, took out a two shilling piece and threw it to the Hottentot, calling to him to catch it.

Jantje was holding the horses with one hand. In the other he held his stick—a long

walking kerrie that he always carried, same on which he had shown Bessie the notches. In order to catch the piece of money he dropped the stick, and Muller's quick eye catching sight of the notches beneath the knob, he stooped down, picked it up, and examined it. examined it.

"What do these mean, boy!" he asked, pointing to the line of big and little notches, some of which had evidently been cut years

Jantje touched his hat, spat upon the "Scotchman," as the natives of that part of Africa call a two shilling piece, and pocketed it before he answered. The fact that the giver had murdered all his near relations did not make the gift less desirable in his eyes. Hottentot moral sense is not very elevated.

"No, bass," he said, with a curious grin, "that is how I reckon. If anybody beats "that is how I reckon. If anybody beats Jantje, Jantje cuts a notch upon the stick, and every night before he goes to sleep he looks at it, and says: "One day you will strike that man twice who struck you once, and so on, bass. Look what a line of them there are, bass. One day I will pay them all back again, Bass Frank."

In another minute old Hans Coetzee came, and announced that it was time to be moving. Accordingly the whole party got into their carts or on to their shooting horses, as the case might be, and started. Frank Muller was, John noticed, mounted as usual on his fine black horse. After driving for more than half an hour along an indefinite kind of wagon track, the leading cart, in which was old Hans Coetzee himself, a Malay driver and a colored Cape boy, turned to the left across the open yeldt, and the others followed in turn. This went on for some time till et in turn. This went on for some time, till at last they reached the crest of a rise that commanded a large sweep of open country, and here Hans halted and held up his band, whereon the others haited, too. On looking out over the vast plain before him, John dis-covered the reason. About half a mile beneath them was a great herd of blesbuck, feeding, 30) or more of them, and beyond them again another herd of some sixty or seventy much larger and wilder looking animals, with white tails, which John at once recognized as vilderbeeste. Nearer to them again, dotted about here and there on the plain, were a couple of dozen or so of grace ful yellow springbuck.

Then a council of war was held, which re sulted in the men on horseback—among whom was Frank Muller—being dispatched to circumvent the herds and drive them toward the carts, that took up their stations at various points toward which the buck were likely to make.

Then came a pause of a quarter of an hour or so, till, suddenly, from the far ridge of the opposite slope, John saw a couple of puffs of white smoke float up into the sir, and one of the vilderbeeste below roll over on his back, kicking and plunging furiously. Thereon the whole herd of buck turned and came thundering toward them, stretched in a long line cross the wide veldt; the springbuck first, then the blesbuck, looking, owing to their peculiar way of holding their long heads down as they galloped, for all the world like a herd of great bearded goats. Behind and mixed up with them were the vilderbeeste, who twisted and turned, and jumped into the air as though they had gone clean off their heads and were next second going clean on them. It is very difficult, owing to his ex-traordinary method of progression, to dis-tinguish one part of a galloping vilderbeeste from another; now it is his horns, now his tail, and now his hoofs that present themselves to the watcher's bewildered vision, and now again they all seem to be mixed up together. On came the great herd, making the ground shake beneath their footfall; and after them galloped the mounted Boers, every now and again jumping from their horses to fire a shot into the line of game, which gen-erally resulted in some poor animal being left sprawling on the ground, wherein the sportsmen would remount and continue the chase.

Presently the buck were within range of

some of the guns in the carts and a regular fusillade began. About twenty ble turned and came past John, within forty yards of him. Springing to the ground, he fired both barrels of his "express" at them as they tore past—alas and alas! without touch-ing them. The first bullet struck under their bellies, the second must have shaved their backs. Reloading rapidly, he fired again at about 200 yards' range, and this time one fell to his second barrel. But he was a chance shot; he had fired at the mast buck, and he had killed one ten paces in front of him. The fact of the matter is that this sort of shooting is exceedingly difficult till one knows how to do it.

Jumping into the cart again, and leaving the dead blesbuck to look after itself for the ent—not a very safe thing to do in country where there are so many vultures-John, or rather Jantje, put the horses into a gallop, and away they went at full tear. Every few minutes or so they would pull up whenever the game was within range, and John would spring from the cart and let drive, and then jump in and follow on again. This went on for nearly an hour, in which time he had fired twenty-seven cartridges and killed three blesbuck and wounded a vilderbeeste, which they proceeded to chase. But the vilderbeeste was struck in the rump, and a buck so wounded will go a long way, and go very fast also, and some miles had been got over before he began to rest, only starting on again as they drew near. At last, or crossing the crest of a little rise, John saw what at first he took to be his vilderbeeste lead. A second look, however, showed him that, although it was a dead vilderbeeste, it most undoubtedly was not the one that he had wounded, for that was standing, its head hanging down, about 120 yards beyond the other animal, which had, no doubt, fallen to omebody else's rifle, or else been wounded farther back and come here to die. Now the vilderbeeste lay within 100 yards of them, and Jantje pointed out to John that his best plan would be to get out of the cart and creep on his hands and knees up to the dead animal, from the cover of which he could get a good shot at his own wounded bull.

Accordingly, Jantje baving withdrawn with the cart and horses out of sight under the shelter of the rise, John crouched upon his hands and knees and proceeded to carry out his stalk. He got on all right till he got quite close to the dead cow, and was just congratulating himself on the prospect of an ex-cellent shot at the wounded bull, when sudlenly something struck the ground violently just beneath his stomach, throwing up a cloud of earth and dust. He stopped amazed and as he did so heard the report of a rifle somewhat to his right. Scarcely had he realized this when there was a sudden commotion in his hair, and the soft black felt hat that he was wearing started from his head, apparently of its own accord, and, after twirling round twice or thrice in the air, fell gently to the earth, and as it did so the sound of a second report reached his ears. It was now evident that somebody was firing at him;



SOMEBODY WAS FIRING AT HIM.

jumping up from his crouching position, tossed his arms into the air and sprang and shouted in a way that left no mistake as to his whereabouts. In another minute he saw a man on horseback, cantering easily toward him, in whom he had little difficulty in recognising as Frank Muller. He went and picked up his hat; there was a bullethole right through it. Then, full of wrath, he ad-

vanced to meet Frank Muller.

"What the —— did you mean by firing at me!" he asked.

me!" he asked.

"Allemachter, Carle!" (Almighty, my dear fallow) was the cool answer, "I thought that you were a vilderbeeste calf. I galloped the cow and killed her, and she had a calf with her, and when I got the catridges out of my rifle—for one stuck and took me some time and the new ones in, I looked up, and there, as I thought, was the calf. So I got my rifle on and let drive, first with one Larrel and then with the other, and when I saw you jump up like that and shout, and that I had

been firing at a man, I nearly fainted. Thank the Almighty I did not hit you." John listened coldly. "I suppose that I am bound to believe you, Meinheer Muller," he said. "But I have been told that you have the most wonderful sight of any man in these parts, which makes it odd that at 300 yards

you should mistake a man upon his hands and knees for a vilderbeeste calf."

"Does the captain think, then, that I wished to murder him; especially," he added, "after I took his hand this morning?"

"I don't know what I think," answered John, looking straight into Muller's eyes, which fell before his own. "All I know is that your curious mistake very nearly cost me my life. Look here!" and he took a lock of his brown hair out of the crown of his perforated hat and showed it to the other. "Ay, it was very close. Let us thank God

that you escaped. "It could not well have been closer, meinheer. I hope that, both for your own sake and for the sake of the people who go out sbooting with you, you will not make such a

mistake again. Good morning."

The handsome Boer, or Anglo-Boer, sat on his horse stroking his beautiful beard and gazing curiously after John Niel's sturdy English looking figure as he marched toward the cart (for, of course, the wounded vilder-

beeste had long ago vanished).
"I wonder," he said to himself aloud, as h turned his horse's head and rode leisurely away, "If the old volk are right after all, and f there is a God." (Frank Muller was sufficiently impregnated with modern ideas to be a free thinker.) "It almost seems like it," he went on, "else how did it come that the one bullet passed under his belly and the other just touched his head without harming him? aimed carefully enough, too, and I could make the shot nineteen times out of twenty and not miss. Bab, a God! I snap my fingers at him. Chance is the only god. Chance blows men about like the dead grass, till death comes down like the veldt fire and burns them up. But there are men who ride chance as one rides a young colt-ay, who turn its headlong rushing and rearing to their own ends—who let it fly hither and thither till it is weary, and then canter it along the road that leads to triumph. I, Frank Muller, am one of those men. I never fail in the end. I will kill that Englishman. Perhaps I will kill old Silas Croft and the Hottentot, oo. Bah! they do not know what is coming I know; I have helped to lay the mine; and unless they bend to my will I shall be the one to fire it. I will kill them all and I will take Moolfontein, and then I will marry Bessie. She will fight against it, but that will make it all the sweeter. She loves that rooibaatje; I know it, and I will kiss her over his dead ody. Ah! there are the carts. I don't se the captain. Driven home, I suppose, on account of the shock to his nerves. Well, I I must talk to these fools. Lord, what fools they are with their talk about the 'land' and the 'verdomds Britische gouvernment.' They don't know what is good for them. Silly sheep, with Frank Muller for a shepherd! nd they shall have Frank Muller for a president one day, and I will rule them, too. Bah! I hate the English; but I am glad that I am half English for all that, for that is

fools, fools. Well, I shall pipe and they shall "Baas," said Jantje to John, as they were driving homeward, "Baas Frank shot at you." "How do you know that?" asked John.

"I saw him. He was stalking the wounded bull, and not looking for a calf at all. There was no calf. He was just going to fire at the wounded bull when he turned and saw you, and he knelt down and covered you, and before I could do anything he fired, and then when he saw that he had missed you he fired again, and I don't know how it was he didn't kill you, for he is a wonderful shot with a -he never misses."

"I will have the man tried for attempted murder," said John, bringing the butt end of his rifle down with a bang on to the bot-tom of the cart. "A villain like that shall not go scot free."

Jantje grinned. "It is no use, bass. He would get off, for am the only witness. A jury won't believe black man in this country, and they would never punish a Boer for shooting at an Englishman. No, bass, you should lie up one day in the veldt where he is going to pass and shoot him. That is what I would do if I dared."

To be Continued.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A new tomato, introduced under the name of "Italian Wonder," is a distinct variety. It is pea shaped; the flesh is thick and nearly wanting in seeds. It is dwarf n growth and quite prolific of large, fine colored fruit.

Cows that have no bedding are often injured in the knees by getting up or down, especially if the floor be wet or slippery.

The onion crop must have nitrogen. It is estimated that in Chicago alone

there is made and sold more adulterated maple sugar every year than the entire product of the pure article in Vermont. A wise farmer will protect the birds, the insect eaters, robins, cat birds, blue

birds, black birds, thrushes, orioles, red birds, woodpeckers, and the like. All the birds mentioned have a mission to perform in the economy of nature. The martins, destroy weevils, the qualis chinch bugs, the woodpeckers dig worms from the trees, while others eat worms, caterpillars and bugs.

Peter Henderson mentions as the best dozen ever blooming roses, either for bedding or winter flowering, the following: Agrippina, Hermosa, The Bride, Mermet, Bennett, Sunset, Blush Malmaison, Amer ican Beauty, Bon Silene, La France, Pearl of the Gardens, Red Malmaison.

What a Change !

A few short weeks ago that young girl was the personification of health, vigor and beauty. The blush upon her cheeks rivalled that of the rose; her step was light and buoyant, her every movement was a revelation of perfect physical health. Yet now she is pallid and haggard, and her superabundant vitality has given place to a strange dullness and lassitude. What has caused this change? Functional irregularities this change? Functional irregularities which can be cured by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a remedy to which thousands of women to-day owe their lives. All druggists. How G. W. Cable Commenced.

"What kind of work did-I do on The Picayune? That's a question, and there is where the trouble came in. There was no such thing the trouble came in. There was no such thing as a division of labor in those days, and each man had to do anything and everything that might turn up. I had stipulated at first not to do certain kind of reporting, and this didn't please the old man very well. It was one of his rules that each man should do whatever was required of him, and I became rather in the way. Then I wanted to be always writing, and they wanted me to be always writing, and they wanted me to be always reporting. This didn't work well, and so when the summer came on, and they began to reduce expenses, it was intimated that my resignation would be accepted. I vowed that I would never have anything to do with a newspaper again, and I went back to bookkeeping. I was in a large cotton house, and I kept their accounts for a while, until I finally offered to take entire charge of the finally offered to take entire charge of the counting room at so much salary per year, and hire what assistance I wanted. This suited the firm as well as it did me, and I began to do more and more literary labor. Finally I employed a cashier, and all day I would write at my desk, only being consulted by him on important matters. I was making a beginning then. I first carried on a weekly column in The Picayune, but it wasn't very pleasant to work for a paper managed by a board of directors, and at last I quit it. This writing of trifles after a while grew weari-some, and I resolved to put it into stories. But it was not until six years ago that I abandoned mercantile pursuits entirely for a purely literary life. I drifted into it in the most natural way in the world, and I wouldn't abandon it now for all the fortune that could be made clsewhere."—G. W. Cable in New Orleans Picayune.

Rheumatism as an Inheritance. This seems to be a rheumatic year. The inprocting but not welcome disease has included in its fraternal grip men and women without distinction as to ages or social conditions. Stalwart President Cleveland has not been ex-empted from the list of sufferers. It is a mysterious malady, and though there are thousands of remedies, there appears to be no cure for the plaguey complaint. An old lady who assumes to know all about its origin inter-viewed the tomented writer of this paragraph, who has been a two months' sufferer somewhat after this style: "Reumatis is a inherited disease; you got this from your father or mother, didn't yer?" Ans: "Not that I know of." "Then you had it from yer grandther?" Ans: "I think not." "Then you ertainly got it from yer great-grandther." Ans: "No, there was no rheumatism known in my family history. Perhaps some of my ancestors may have been exposed to the heavy wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I didn't come here to be made fun of," and out she bounced.-Bos-

Experimenting With Hair Dye.

In a sketch of the early life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a writer in St. Nicholas says that when Thomas was quite young he saw advertised a preparation highly recommended for making hair grow on bald heads. He bought a bottle and applied it liberally to an old hair trunk, whose long residence in the attic had left it very little hair. The boy watched for results long and hopefully; but, it is added, they were not satisfactory.—New

It is estimated that the beggars of Rome receive \$3,000,000 a year in aims and that 500 of them are worth from \$15,000 to \$25,000 each. A Roman who can make money by begging is not going to work.

A Certain Sign of Death.

M. Lessenne claims that a certain sign of death is the permanent gaping of a wound made in the skin by puncturing it with a needle. If the parson be living blood will usually follow the withdrawal of the needle; but, whether it does or not, the wound will close at once. The puncture made in the skin of a dead person will remain open, as if made

A Ventilating Window Pane. A German engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square meter of glass contains 5,000 holes, which are of conical shape, widening toward the side. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

Why Railroad Rails Break.

According to a railroad engineer, low temteratures do not decrease the strength of rails, as is commonly supposed. But it is never-theless true that accidents are more likely to occur from broken rails in cold weather. The real reason of rails breaking is that the ground, when frozen solid, is rigid, and loses the elasticity that acts as a safeguard in milder weather. When a train runs on such a road bed, something must yield, and as the rail is the weakest point, it gives way.

Beginning and Closing a Letter.

A social note to a mere acquaintance is pre-faced by "Dear Mrs. Blank," or "Dear Mr. Blank," as the case may be. Where greater intimacy exists, "My Dear Mrs. Blank," etc., is by some considered less formal.

"Yours truly," "Yours respectfully" and
the like close business letters and, generally, communications between strangers.

A LIFE SAVED FOR DOLLAR.

Brewer, Me.

This is to certify that having been troubled for a number of years with a distressing cough and hleeding at the lungs, and receiving no benefit from medicinal aid. I was to all appearances in the last stage of consumption. My legs swelled so that I was unable to stand or help myself. At that time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was providentially recommended to me—and, by the use of three or four bottles, I was entirely cured and have since been able to work every day. I have also for the last 20 years been subject ty severe attacks of bloody dysentery, and never found permanent relief until I took your Liniment, since which I have had no return at this complaint. I can truly say I think your Anodyne Liniment was the means of saving my life.

JOHN T. ATKINS.

The Doctor Said "Let Him Try It."

The Doctor Said "Let Him Try It."

South Jefferson, Me.

"Some time ago my son was taken sick with a serious lung difficulty, which threatened to end in quick consumption. We summoned our family physician who attended him faithfully for four weeks, during which time he gradually grew weaker. Becoming much alarmed about himself, and being satisfied that he was growing worse all the time, he finally refused to take any more medicine from the physician, and expressed a wish to try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I immediately told the physician, expecting that he would object to his using it but he did not. He said 'let him try it; it won't hurt him and may do him good.' He did try it and continued to use it some time, taking it inwardly and bathing the chest and lungs outwardly. Very soon he began to improve, gradually gaining strength, until at last we had the satisfaction of knowing that the foundation of his disease was broken up. My son is alive and well to-day, possessing a strong and vigorous constitution, which we attribute under God to the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I can further say I will never allow myself to get out of the article; and that in my judgment it is the best family medicine in the world.

(Dea.) JOHN HODGKINS.

A Strange Freak. A Strange Freak.

The wife of our esteemed citizen, Mr. John Rowell, while suffering under a severe attack of the blues, tried to commit the crime of infanticide, but was prevented by the opportune arrival of a neighbor. Her case has been considered by the best doctors incurable, but her husband was highly pleased, after using a case of Sulphur Bitters, to find she was entirely cured.—[Kingston Herald.

LOST PUBLIC MEN.

What the Beath or so Many Great Men Means—Are We As a Nation in

Danger ? "America is losing its prominent men very fast," was the remark of a well known Englishman who is now visiting this country, and he was right. Sumner Wilson, Phillips, Washburn, Carpenter and a host of others have departed, and John A. Logan has just passed away, has it never occurred to the reader the cause of the deaths of these public was in every case the same ! And has it

the cause of the deaths of these public men was in every case the same ? And has it occurred to you that Manning, Butler, Blaine and a host of others are trading the same sad road? The great American scourge, to-day, is kidney disease and it is by no means confined to public men. Thousands of men whom we see every day have inherited it from their parents and do not know it. Innumerable women who are America's Loss, delicate are afflicted with it at this moment, and think it is simply "weakness." Little children whose kidneys have been injured by scarlet fever are suffering from it, usually unknown to their parents. Its symptoms are a tired feeling and a desire to sleep; a pale complexion; uncertain sppetite; faintness at the pit of the stomach; shifting pains, sometimes in the back, sometimes in the limbs, and again in the head; plentiful or scanty urine, with a scum on top or a sediment and brick dust in the bottom; a burning sensation in passing and skin hot at times and cleamy at others. sediment and brick dust in the bottom; a burning sensation in passing and skin hot at times and clammy at others. Any one of these things indicate disordered kidneys, which are the first stage of Bright's disease. They must be checked.

Capt. Greenwood, of the steamer Kan awha, had these troubles in an aggravated form; he used Hunt's Remedy and is in perfect health to-day.

Rev. Charles Pike, of Waterbury, Ct., was greatly reduced in the same manner and "suffered severely." He used Hunt's Remedy and was cured.

and was cured.

Mrs. Alexander L.

Nichols, of Phenix, R.

Nichols, of Phenix, R.
L. after passing through
all the suffering which
any woman is ever called upon to endure,
was cured by Hunt's Remedy.

The son of Cornelius B. Smith, of the State Department at Albany, N. Y., was given up to die by no less than four physicians, but was cured by Hunt's Remedy. These instances could be prolonged indentitale.

These instances could be prolonged indennitely.

Two things are certain. First—kidney
troubles, which always end in Bright's
disease unless checked, are fearfully prevalent. Second—They can be cured by using
the remedy above named. With these
truths in view, why men and women will
be so heedless and allow symptoms to run
along until they end in agony or death we
cannot understand. We certainly advise all
to think carefully on this subject and act to think carefully on this subject and act without delay.

Henry Ward Beecher,

The eminent Brooklyn divine, whose recent The eminent Brooklyn divine, whose recent death is now so universally mourned, died from the effects of an apoplectic shock. The only remedy known at the present day for preventing this dread disease is Anti Apoplectine, the only Apoplexy Preventive and Paralysis Cure. Should you suffer from diziness or pressure in head, pains around or palpitation of heart, numbness or prickly sensation of limbs, or should you need a tonic and appetizer procure a bottle of Anti Apoplective of your druggists. Send for testimonials to Dr. F. S. Hutchinson & Co, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

The Potato Beetle.

The Colorado potato beetle is no longer considered as an impossible barrier to a good field of potatoes. Paris green leads as a certain and effectual remedy for this pest, and, when properly applied, early, when the potatoes and the bugs make their start, will do its perfect work. But Paris green must be carefully handled, not only because it is a poison likely to injure both man and beast, but because when applied to the plants too strong it injures the foliage almost, if not quite, as much as do the beetles. Whether ap-plied in water through a sprinkler or in plaster through a sifter or bellows, be

plaster through a sitter or bellows, be sure and not have too great a proportion of the poison.

While it is easier to apply Paris green, diluted in water, to the vines, it may be more uniformly applied, and with less danger to the foliage, by mixing it with plaster. One part of pure Paris green to 100 parts of plaster, thoroughly mixed together, so that the plaster wiil be slightly tipted throughout with the poison, will be tinted throughout with the poison, will be ound a satisfactory mixture. Sifters and bellows for dusting the vines are now sold at most hardware stores at a small cost compared with their usefulness and convenience.

The Silk Growing Industry.

It is believed by many that the department of agriculture's new departure in setting up machinery in Washington for winding the silk from cocoons will result in considerable extension of the silk growing industry in this country. Great interest is manifested in the experiments, and the demand for copies of the bulletin on silkworm culture has made it necessary to issue seven or eight editions, Officials of the department say that the requests for silkworm eggs greatly exceed the ceived in any previous year since the de-partment began its distribution. As a consequence it is expected that large quantities of American grown silk will be placed on the market this year.

Color in Cattle.

Progressive breeders are awakening to the fact that the color craze in stock breeding has been carried to absurd extreme and if not stopped will be very detrimental to the improvements that intelligent men are laboring to bring about in our farm stock. Every stock show illustrates the ill effects of the fashion that urged the rejection of all animals not of "solid colors. regardless of profitable excellence in respect to form, etc. A well known short horn breeder in a talk on this subject says: "Any breeder who will select an inferior red animal to a superior animal of any other color libels his own character and disgraces the short horn blood whether he is aware of the fact or not."

The Verdict Unanimous

The Verdict Unanimous
W. D. Sult druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies, "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms, "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all discases of the liver, kidneys or blood; Only 50c a bottle at

50c a bottle at H. G. DAY's Drug Store.

A True Friend to the sick and suffering, is Dr. Kaufmanns great Medical Work, finely illustrated. Send three 2 cent stamps to pay postage, to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.